

PERSONAL MENTION

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander H. Revell, 812 Lincoln parkway, who have been touring the New England States by motor, are making a visit this week to Bretton Woods in the White Mountains. They expect to tour Canada before returning to Chicago in the fall. Their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Loring Hoover, 114 East Walton place, are in Winnetka for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. James E. Quan, 63 East Division street, are at the Banff Springs Hotel, Banff, Alta., with a party consisting of Mrs. Quan's brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Chadbourne of New York, Mrs. Elder, Miss Tuttle and Leroy Chadbourne. Mr. and Mrs. Chadbourne are entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Quan and the other members of the party with an extended trip through the Northwest in their private car.

Mrs. Edward I. Cudaby of Lake Forest has gone to Mackinac Island.

Mrs. Charles Hubbard of Lake Forest is at Neeshish Island, Mich., with Mrs. C. G. Clark of New Orleans.

Mrs. Prentiss L. Cooley will open her home in Lake Forest on Wednesday, Sept. 13, when the members of the Garden Club of Illinois will meet for a lecture on horticulture by Prof. Fleming of Columbia University.

Mrs. P. J. H. Farrell, 458 Belmont avenue, is the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Richard Buchanan at Green Bay, Wis. Miss Helen Farrell is visiting in Duluth, Minn. Mrs. Farrell will join Dr. Farrell next month on a trip to Fort Sam Houston, Tex., to visit their oldest son, who is a soldier on the Mexican border. Miss Farrell will accompany them.

Mrs. Henry Burrell Mason, 150 East Superior street, accompanied by her daughter, Miss Rosiland Mason, has returned from a month's visit with her daughter, Mrs. Basil Rydell, at her country place in Ephraim, Wis.

Miss Laura Hatch, niece of Mrs. James W. Scott, 1210 Astor street, will not be a debutante this winter, but will return to Smith's College.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Walker, 1128 North La Salle avenue, are at the summer place in Ephraim, Wis. They will open their town house in October.

Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Ludington Barnes and family, 22 East Ontario street, will arrive early in September from their country residence in Harbor Point, Mich. Mrs. Charles Barnes of Paris, who has been in Switzerland for many months, is planning to visit them late in the fall.

Mr. and Mrs. John A. Spoor, 1526 North State street, have departed from their summer home in Pittsfield, Mass., and are now motoring through the Berkshires. Their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Thornhill Broome, are making preparations to join them early next month. Mrs. Broome has been ill for several months, but is now greatly improved.

The Norman Institute at 14 West Washington street is justly celebrated for the efficiency of its massage and physical culture system.

Judge John Barton Payne makes a splendid President of the South Park Commission.

John D. Gallivan, the veteran letter carrier, is one of the most popular men in the service of Uncle Sam.

Judge Charles A. Williams has pleased his friends by his fine record on the Municipal bench.

Edward Uthlein of the great Schlitz Brewing Company is one of the up-builders of Chicago.

Thomas J. Webb is respected in business and public life. He is an ideal member of the Board of Review.

R. McDonald of Clinton and Adams streets is popular with printers, manufacturers and everybody else.

John B. Knight of 72 West Washington street is one of the leaders in the real estate world.

John Z. Vogelsang is the dean of Chicago restaurant men.

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Thomas F. Keeley is in the front rank of every movement for the betterment of Chicago and the brightening of its future.

When you need envelopes phone Heco, Superior 7100. You can't fail to be satisfied.

Walter Clyde Jones made an honorable and useful record in the State Senate. He would make a good judge.

Henry J. Kolke made a splendid County Commissioner. He would make a good city treasurer.

A. T. Koehn of 1100 Webster avenue, is frequently mentioned for Alderman of the Twenty-fourth ward, although he is not looking for any office himself.

Thomas J. Sauerman of Ohio and Clark streets and proprietor of the oldest saloon and restaurant in Chicago has the finest bar fixtures in America. They were made over fifty years ago, and the carving was all done by hand. The German Historical Society has taken photographs of them.

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INTERESTING ITEMS
FROM THE CITIES

Chicago Lads Start Out to Be Real Bad Brigands

CHICAGO.—Every once in a while the spirits of Robin Hood and Ol' Cap' Kidd grow restless and sneak into the souls of little boys. This happens most often in the dog days. Recently the bacteria of brigandage stole into the consciousness of "Timmy" Waldron, who is nine years old and lives at 1229 Frontier avenue, and Sylvio Lombardo, who is six and lives right handy by.

Mud pies grew doleful, wooden horses lost their slip, and military affairs fell away to mere drudgery. They debated between going far West, where they shoot up the chaparral and lasso the chaparajos, and skipping off to the jungle, where hartebeests and wimjiks scamper o'er vorlooper.

"I got a gun," said James. "We'll do sumpin' serce." That seemed logical. Over across the way there stood a flat building. One of its occupants had lately died and it was the day of the funeral. None was at home.

James hummed an unconscious lay and wandered innocently through his home until he came upon his father's revolver. This he stored away in his trousers in a manner not exciting suspicion.

They "jimmied" a window in the flat across the way. Oh, it must have been a half hour before anything happened, and then it was loud and resonant. The pistol of James belched forth with a "bang" that shook the curbstones. The landlord of the building hurried over to see if the boiler had burst. He poked his head in the window. A pair of gleaming eyes behind a smoking revolver greeted him.

"Let me out of here," growled a villain voice, "or I'll let daylight through you." That was very picturesque and Robin Hood like. The landlord beat it.

Presently he returned with a pair of policemen from Hudson avenue. James and Sylvio recovered from the bacteria of Hood and Kidd when dosed liberally with the virus of copper, and they are nice little boys again.

East Boston Has an Attractive Bit of Germany

BOSTON.—There's a little bit of Germany over in East Boston, where seven big German liners and one Austrian ship are tied up to the old wharf. These ships are valued at \$12,000,000.

When they were first interned their crews numbered more than 2,000, but these have dwindled to less than 500. The men have drifted away. Some of them have been admitted as emigrants.

Since the liners have been berthed in East Boston the officers and crew prepared for a long stay and have worked hard to make their sojourn in Boston as pleasant as possible under the circumstances. There in their miniature village they have surrounded themselves with many comforts and many things to remind them of their old homes. They have built runways and bridges and gang planks, strung electric light wires about the ships and the dock and one may walk from one ship to another or make a tour of inspection in the captain's launch.

They have exemplified intensive farming in a manner which the New Englander might well copy. From a mudhole, an old wharf, the soil of which is about as poor as the sands of Cape Cod, they have wrung as fine a lot of garden truck as some of the farmers in Lexington raise under glass or on their highly fertilized acres.

Officers and men—most of whom have followed the seas all their lives—have shown that they know how to get from the earth many of the necessities of life. Aboard the liners they raise chickens, keep hens and ducks. On the wharf they have planted a garden from which the crews of the liners pluck fresh vegetables for the officers' table.

Pears, beans, lettuce, tomatoes, celery, radishes thrive where last season grew witch grass and rank weeds. The garden is not as extensive as the Germans would wish, but they have cultivated every inch of it.

Here and there in the garden the men of the crews have built liltie-work summer houses and screened them in to keep out the flies and the mosquitoes. There are tables and chairs about, and a number of empty beer kegs piled up in one corner. Herr Skipper must have his beer, you know.

Flattery Wins Minnie, Washington Zoo Elephant

WASHINGTON.—From Venus to the Black woman, pining behind the mud walls of Rham Krishna's hut, vanity, sent by the gods, pervades the feminine ego. That which comes with the love moon hung over the zoo. Out in the elephant yard a keeper took a stiff-backed brush and scrubbed the slate-colored sides of Minnie, oldest of the herd, until they almost shone.

Two children, a boy perhaps eight, and a beribboned girl who could not have been more than seven, passed, then stopped, and with big eyes, watched the keeper.

"Oh," said the little girl, and pointed a chubby finger. "Oh, Tommy, look at the pretty elephant."

Minnie raised her trunk and trumpeted in pure elephantine satisfaction. If she had been a cat she would have purred.

Then the boy spoke. "Mister," he said, hesitated, then forced himself to go on. "Mister—could you—give us a ride—just a little one?"

The keeper laughed. Minnie's temper, uncertain at best, had of late grown a thing to be reckoned with care. The thing was impossible, of course. Still, the children were mighty pleading—and the keeper had youngsters of his own. He was trying to frame a refusal that would be gentle. Then he happened to glance at Minnie.

Minnie's little eyes were almost kindly. She was trying her best to look demure.

"Doggd if I don't believe she understands and wants to ride 'em," the keeper mused. Then: "Guess I'll take a chance. Come on, youngsters."

So the boy and girl were hoisted to Minnie's back, and once, twice, three times, she carried them about the elephant yard, her little button eyes almost motherly, her every mincing step indicative of the pride that passes all understanding. Her bad temper was gone—utterly. You couldn't have found a more gentle elephant in a day's travel.

For the children had said that Minnie was pretty. And Minnie was vain.

Wang and His Pirate Crew Invade Central Park

NEW YORK.—Wang, a tall, slender Formosa cat pirate, and his hungry crew which have been making the nights hideous in West Eightieth street, have moved down nearer to the White Light section. Reports from residents along Central Park West indicate that they have been giving some nocturnal vocal exercises in Central park. H. Strowbridge, a guest at the Hotel Majestic, was awakened at four o'clock by what he supposed to be the cry of a lost soul.


It was the pirate leader, evidently striking the key, for, by the time Mr. Strowbridge was thoroughly aroused, the entire band of pirates was singing in Cantonese, "Yo, Ho and a Bottle of Rum!" He looked out the window and saw the heads of many other guests at their windows.

Timothy Ebbitt, night house detective at the hotel, formed a posse, consisting of bellboys, night clerks, kitchen men, and a few scrubwomen with mops. Near the Seventy-second street entrance to Central park they saw two balls of fire. They approached and sure enough the fiery balls were the eyes of Wang—minus his tail and in a devil-may-care mood.

He was surrounded by about 50 other cats, who seemed to regard him as their leader. As soon as Wang saw the invaders he arched his back and showed fight. Ebbitt picked up a stone and hurled it at Wang's head, but it missed and Wang and his followers started, pell mell, down Central Park West. A policeman on duty at Sixty-eighth street said the band of cats turned into that street headed for Broadway. He pinched himself several times to see if he really was awake and then started in pursuit, but the cat pirates evidently knew the topography of the neighborhood, for they escaped.

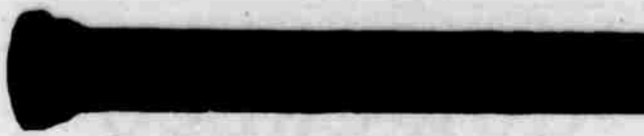
One of the first things a bride does when she returns from the honeymoon is to take half of the presents back to the jewelry stores and exchange them for articles she can use.

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